

Evening Public Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

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Published daily at 12th and Locust Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. Telephone 222-1212. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices.

Subscription prices: Single copies, 5 cents; 12 copies, 50 cents; 3 months, \$1.50; 6 months, \$3.00; 1 year, \$5.50. All payments in advance.

Member of the Associated Press

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PINCHOT DEMANDS SUPPORT

THE Governor, declared Gifford Pinchot in his Allenstown speech, "cannot succeed without help." Mr. Pinchot himself is specific enough about the principles for which he stands, and he has announced them again quite clearly before the Lehigh County Republicans, but there is one warning he sounded which it will be well to bear in mind.

"My election," he said, "will be the mandate of the people not only to the Governor, but to the whole State Government and to the Legislature to make the Governor put these purposes into effect."

This is a plain demand for a Legislature that will be something more than the usual boss-driven machine. There is nothing more tragic in our system than a Governor striving to accomplish measures for the good of the people, but hampered by a Legislature that, indifferent to the public welfare, thinks only of the sharp bargains it can drive to gain political advantage.

Mr. Pinchot's election will mean the people's mandate for the accomplishment of the things he has pledged himself to do. It will mean a mandate directly and individually given to every Republican member of the Legislature to support him and may mean that those who forget their duty to the people should be forgotten by the voters who send them to Harrisburg.

REED AND THE BONUS

FEW new United States Senators have found themselves in the important position that the regular committee of the bonus situation have given to Senator Reed. His maiden speech may even go so far as to spell the fate of the bill. It was a quiet, well-considered and unimpassioned utterance, seeming to voice the deep convictions of the major—of the veteran of the war and one of those immediately concerned—rather than the Senator, taking into consideration the possible political consequences of his stand.

Reed believes that the majority of the World War veterans are convinced that justice to the regular committee of the bonus situation have given to Senator Reed. His maiden speech may even go so far as to spell the fate of the bill. It was a quiet, well-considered and unimpassioned utterance, seeming to voice the deep convictions of the major—of the veteran of the war and one of those immediately concerned—rather than the Senator, taking into consideration the possible political consequences of his stand.

DOWN TO EARTH

THERE remains only another week of what we have come to regard as "the vacation period." The city man's gorgeous fling is almost over. Home he must come now to empty coat bins, bills and the accumulating worries of a period of stress and dark realism. The farmers will have the sunsets and the open roads and the freedom from time clocks and the returned vacationist will dream often as he looks up from his desk or his whirring machines to gaze out at a smoky sky and thundering streets.

THE POLLING-PLACE PROBLEM

THE initiative and energy of the women's movement on behalf of better and better-appointed polling and registration places are distinctly commendable. The problem which such representatives of the distaff side of politics as Mrs. Christopher O'Connell, Mrs. George A. Dunlin, Mrs. Bronley Watt, Mrs. George H. Lorimer, Mrs. Frank Miles Day and Miss Clare Middleton have attacked is one of long standing. Until the sex line was effaced from the franchise, electors as a whole accepted the situation without protest.

THE SENATE GETS ACQUAINTED WITH THE REALITIES OF LIFE

Washington is Discovering an America That is Seldom Mentioned in the Political Speeches

GOVERNMENT control of railways and mines, which the President is said to contemplate as a means of ending the coal and transportation deadlock, would not bring any sudden upheaval of fuel from the earth. It could not guarantee continuing justice and peace on the railroads. For the Government is not the custodian of a magic wand.

It is a group of men elected temporarily to direct public affairs of the sort that ordinarily are self-directing. Very few of the members of the Government at Washington know anything about the processes of railroad operation or coal mining. Senator Nelson, of Minnesota, talking a day or so ago about the coal tie-up, presented what might be called a sensational example of the prevailing lack of detailed economic knowledge in Congress. Fuel would be plentiful, Mr. Nelson declared, when the operators and the Government had the courage to open all the mines with non-union men. Here is a Senator of long experience who doesn't know that large-scale mining cannot be carried on without skilled labor and that virtually all the skilled miners are stand-pat members of the striking unions.

If the Government decides to "seize" mine and rail lines it will really do nothing more than adopt emergency legislation through which it will have temporary power to dictate terms of wages and operating policies to owners and employees in the two industries. And the Government's policy would almost inevitably be one of further concessions to organized labor, for corporations may always be coerced by threats of a seizure of property. The unions, having no seizable property, cannot be so easily reined.

Competent railroaders and miners who will not work cannot be made to work under any law that Congress can pass. And if the Government were guided by precedents established when the railways were "taken over" by the Government during the war the Federal directing board would do the public and the treasuries of the owning corporations to get the strikers back to their jobs and keep them in a peaceful state of mind.

This is the most superficial and inexpert sort of economic practice. But it is about the only method that the Government can follow because, as we observed before, there are few men in the Government service who know anything about the technique of industrial organization, the laws of economic conflict or the new issues created between large groups of employers and employees by the wide fluctuations of wages and living costs that followed after the war.

The Senate itself, if one may presume to base judgments upon the recent speeches of its members, knows far too little about the basic realities of contemporary life in the United States. It lives, as most politicians live, in the past. It permits itself to be guided by echoes of earlier generations rather than by the harsh, explicitly spoken challenges of the present and the future.

Naturally the Senate was shocked to the heart to perceive that at the present moment the coal operators and the rail executives on the one hand and the unions on the other have vastly more power directly to affect the common life of the country for good or ill than the Senate and the House of Representatives, respectively.

The two groups now at war are organized to deal with the facts of community life and to control the material resources of the land. Unlike Congress, they are not content to play around with shadows or to be consoled and diverted by loud and automatic repetition of the political beatitudes. The unions and the leaders of the big employers' groups are realists. The average Senator is not a realist.

One must mix a great deal of genuine sympathy with the concern which naturally attends a view of men like Mr. Nelson, of Minnesota. The Senate is going to the primary school of American life at last. It is learning much that it should have learned long ago. It is finding out that the two terms, "capital and labor," stand for active and tremendously potent and lively things.

It will know at last that it is sweat and iron and money and human egotism reflected in workers' and employers' groups and the stirrings of spiritual ambition in unsuspected places and growing wealth created out of the earth that complicate our national problems. And it will learn, too, that apothorisms made by the founders of the Republic for the guidance of a purely agricultural and simple-hearted people will not always be adequate to the demands of a country transformed by success, wealth, machinery and enormous population.

THE MONTICELLO SHRINE

NOW it is the State of Virginia which is urged to purchase Monticello. The request, naturally enough, comes from the Charlottesville American Legion Post, and it may be said with some truth that strong local interests are operative.

But the fact should not be permitted to obscure the nature of a situation by no means creditable to American public spirit and American patriotism. Monticello has the possibilities of a national shrine of the first order. More splendid and picturesque than Mount Vernon, there are inspirational values connected with the home of Thomas Jefferson which deserve the fullest recognition.

Nothing can match the reverence rightly paid to the serene and authentic memorial to Washington on the banks of the Potomac. Mount Vernon is in many ways unique. But so with quite contrasting accents of history and personality is Monticello.

Jefferson's almost princely estate—a queer paradox for a Democrat—is intensely intimate in its appeal. The Levy family, members of which have long been its owners, have affectionately preserved its many treasures. The buildings themselves disclose the architectural gifts of the many-sided author of the Declaration of Independence.

For many years the Federal Government has been on the verge of buying the place; but negotiations have invariably been halted in hokering over prices deemed excessive. It is of record that the Government lost its opportunity to purchase Monticello in the middle of the last century. The Washington "plantation" is maintained and owned by a society of ladies.

The State of Virginia could afford to acquire Monticello. Should it now make the attempt, it is, moreover, conceivable that the Federal Government might become a somewhat interested bidder.

FAIRS AND A WARNING

OBSTACLES in the way of scrupulously observing an exposition timetable are significantly suggested in the announcement that the Industrial Exhibits Building of the United States at the fair in Rio de Janeiro will not be opened until December 7.

This Government, it must be conceded, was commendably prompt in inducing and supporting the international undertaking in Rio. Money was generously appropriated by Congress. American chambers of commerce in Brazil displayed a marked capacity for efficient organization.

Mr. Harding was prompt in appointing a Federal commission and set the work large. The fair, with all the Brazilian buildings completed, will be formally opened on September 7.

The United States, however, is not the sole delinquent. Several of the European nations have been slow, and it is possible that some of the exhibits will not be ready until after the first of the year.

The tardiness of world fair enterprises is proverbial. Even the Centennial of 1876, although it was inaugurated on time, presented a scene of carpenters, builders and other workmen busily engaged in the effort to make up for lost months.

Promoters of the Sesqui-Centennial are well supplied with warnings. With foresight and organized energy tradition can, of course, be broken. Months are slipping by, but thus far the opportunity to smash a dismal precedent has not passed.

AS ONE WOMAN SEES IT

Have You a Little Garden at Your Home?—Take its Picture and Enter it in the Beauty Contest

By SARAH D. LOWRIE

I RECEIVED in today's mail the notice of another contest inaugurated by the Society of Little Gardens; this time it is to be a photographic contest, with a chance to win a prize of \$100.00. The contest is open to all who have a garden, no matter how small, and who are willing to have their garden photographed.

Particulars may be had from the president of the society Mrs. Charles Davis Clark, 2215 Spruce street, Philadelphia.

LAST year's competition was for plans for a city back yard, including everything from a garage to a garbage pail with a garden embowered in the midst. The exhibition after drawing a very interested public to the galleries of the Emergency Aid House was the round of the country, apparently proving a very notable success everywhere.

For in this country, wherever there are English or German or Dutch or Italian citizens, with space enough to make a door yard or window ledge or backyard garden, there flowers and fruits and vegetables abound. The Scotch are less sure to make gardens, and the Irish that is from the South, are almost sure not to; the Scandinavians have a neat touch with their yards, and the Slavs and Russians a blighting touch, if anything.

It depends upon what part of the South the colored family comes from whether its yard is a menace or an addition to the landscape, but if a Negro gives extra attention to anything about his yard, it is apt to be chickens, which are, in themselves, rather demoralizing. Those of us about Philadelphia and Chester and Lancaster Counties—not to speak of Bucks and Montgomery counties, and the counties of Pennsylvania Dutch in our make-up to take to gardens naturally. The neatness that has been bred from one city door steps and back yards is not to be despised.

My garden faces east and west. In the morning I look at it against the sun from my summer house, and in the late afternoon from the window in the garden house, where I typewrite. At midday I see it from all visitors and say that it is taking a nap. Because when the sun is directly overhead all shadows are wiped out, and when there are no shadows, a garden has lost half its charm.

I think I shall exhibit in that competition the plan of my garden that was made for me some years ago in cardboard, with colored detachable sections, by a clever artist, Dorothy Stewart. It fits on a kitchen table and has the houses, rocks, terraces, trees, walls and flower borders, each separately constructed. They might be arranged in quite a different order, and I think it will be in my garden but I doubt if any one could easily convince me that their present position could be improved upon.

Re-arrange my garden, like Topsy, "Just growed!" I realize that I cannot enter the photographic competition with this little garden plan, but with the committee's permission, I will take it to the fair and let it up. It will be a source for me to go round and see it late next autumn when this year's crop is in. I am looking at it as I write it tucked away under the first snow of the coming winter. And, perhaps, to others it will be an amusement to discuss it—given the site and the chance and the materials—it could be arranged into a different composition.

SHORT CUTS

The Forester is again swinging his ax. It is apparently Molla's aim to run counter to what Helen Willis.

Stage melodrama pulses its ineffectual fires before the dope-ringing revelations.

One has to go to the back lots to break the record of the Cubs and Phils for one game.

As the Department of Justice sees it, the Reds are trying to coal-steam the Ship of State.

John A. Stewart, 100-year-old financier, remembers Broadway as a dirt road. Pay dirt.

Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm is to marry a widow. The elder Weller must have been devising punishments for him.

De Valera is said to be ready to make another big drive. He is going to overwork that male team if he isn't careful.

Democratic loathing in county fairs is to be placed in charge of prettiness. It can foresee delightful possibilities in future political campaigns.

Stockton, Calif., man has found \$10 worth of small gold nuggets in the crop of a hen killed for dinner, according to a dispatch. It must be the climate.

When Lloyd George gets his little \$200,000 for his book he will have to hand half of it to John Bull as income tax. And he can't complain. He did it with his little larder.

New York designer returning from Tenbyville, France, says of the bathing suit there, that there is not enough of it to justify design. The lady should study the wing of a butterfly.

When prohibition enforcement officers insist that the sticks are steeped in liquor, can it be that they refer to the steamship of that name which is said to be sinking in the port of Naples?

THE PRINTER'S GARDEN  
In my garden roses bloom—  
Just a bush that blossoms gayly;  
Like our own new Republic,  
In its own new destiny,  
No such type, 'tis truly said,  
Tender hearts will ever harden;  
Every quip deeply red  
In my garden.

In my garden magnolias  
In of garden the clearest cays,  
Sweet new on the sticks are set—  
Just preceding bold-faced poppy,  
Three lilies pied now flout  
Bonnets like a Dolly Varden—  
Bless you, girl! She loves to jaunt  
In my garden.

In my garden robin robs  
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A REAL JOB AHEAD

THE people of the city can play an important part in helping the authorities clean up the city. The Chief of the Bureau of Highways, Deputy Chief of the Bureau of Highways, and the collection of rubbish, ashes and garbage.

"Keeping the city clean and the collection of waste of all kinds," said Chief Neeson, "is really an engineering problem, and the modern development of it has come within the last ten or fifteen years. For fifty years the cleaning had been done by contractors, although there was one short period in that time during which the city essayed to do the work as we are now doing it. But, for some reason, after this period it reverted again to the contractor system. This was much used as an argument by the opponents of municipal cleaning."

"The public can do a lot in helping the officials keep the city clean if it only will do it. With the intelligent co-operation of the people we could have a city almost 100 per cent clean, without that co-operation the task becomes almost hopeless."

A Gigantic Task  
"The business of keeping the streets clean, collecting the refuse, and a huge cost more than \$5,000,000 a year. Cleaning and collecting in the built-up areas alone means keeping clean about one hundred square miles of territory. We collect ashes and rubbish once a week and garbage four times a week; but in certain of the more densely populated sections there is a daily collection of garbage."

This is more than the average American city gets, for outside of Philadelphia and New York there are usually garbage collections not more than three times a week. This would also be sufficient in Philadelphia if people would take more care in the manner in which the garbage is made ready for the collectors.

"First of all, we need more and better co-operation between the public and the officials. We realize fully that a certain amount of dirt and litter is unavoidable, but what we are striving to do is to reduce this amount to a minimum, and we cannot make much progress with this unless the public helps."

How to Handle Ashes  
"The manner in which the public can do the most is to be more careful of the way in which the ashes and waste are put out. There is only one way to handle ashes, and that is to use a metal container, which should be filled all the way to the top. A large number of persons put their ashes in any manner, some not even using a container of any sort, but wrapping them in paper or putting them in wooden boxes, cardboard boxes, peach baskets and similar receptacles, none of which is suitable. Occasionally we will find the ashes simply dumped on the pavement, from which they have to be shoveled up."

"The men have not the time to do this work and then clean up after they have done it. Wooden boxes are especially bad, as they often break and are usually filled as full as they will go. At least three inches should be left at the top, in order that the nuisance from dust be minimized. We also insist that ashes and rubbish be kept separate, because they are disposed of in different manners. Up to the present time we have been putting the waste material, that is rubbish, on the open city dumps, but the time has come when we are going to incinerate this rubbish. We are beginning to burn the northern section of the city and the bids for the incinerating plant will be opened next month."

Rubbish and